

Magazine, Stuck

In the rush
the rush of my senses
in the heat
the heat of this moment
in the Palace of Nations
I think I can love you out of weakness
In the heat of this moment I stick myself in laughter
Run for it
I'm running away
know-it-all
I will return again
pushing myself so helpless
hopeless
when I can love you out of weakness
Which of us is to blame!
I'm stupid
I only know enough to get out of the rain
Oh, I really tiptoe, I really tiptoe
Stop
when you cease to amaze me
take a look
my part in the pattern
I know it'll never matter
so I stick myself in laughter
I may love you out of weakness
is that what I was afraid of!